

Stare

Ty Dolla \$ign

Seein' things isn't a good enough excuse
When you are just sitting right there
I know you ain't just gon' stare
Bein' things you never imagined, the possibility's up in the air
I know you ain't just gon' stare

Saint Laurent my denim
Reckless how I'm livin'
Brand new diamond chain
Gang, gang, gang, gang
Day day 4-0
I might take your hoe
When I walk through the door
There he go, there he go

911, I bust 'em
My bitch just got to customs
Foreign, foreign, foreign, foreign
We on Crenshaw soarin'
New McLaren or DeLorean
Move around and go forward
She be on all fours
You know I be all for it
Just got through signin' a deal, uh
Just got through poppin' the seal, ayy
She on the hunt for a thrill, uh
She know that that's somethin' I can give
Dolla don't want no mo' kids, uh
Dolla just want some more Ms, yeah
Dolla don't want no mo' friends
Dolla just want some more Ms, yeah
Skrtrt, skrtrt in a Benz, uh
Skeet, skeet on her friends, uh
I got nines, I got tens, uh
I just hit some new twins
Just passed on a lick
Still got Act' in the fridge
Ran it up on the wrist
See you lookin' and shit

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They got emotions through semen
Your thot is suckin', you creamin'

'Cause Dolla hittin' it, gettin' it
Get ya outta here, he hittin' it
Moves all business, baby
I got everything but limits lately
I just dabbled in some real estate
24K on my dinner plate
Yeah, that's all gold everything
Money over everything
Be your best friend, be your zaddy, girl
Yeah, I could your everything
Get you anything but a wedding ring
Pull up in that Medellin
That coke white and that's Off-White
Guess the supermodels only fuck twice
And if you act right, you could get that Act' right
If I fuck you at my crib, then girl, you got that back tight
Ay, I'm not them, I'm that guy
Spaceships, I'm that high
Superfly, I'm that fly
So, understand why...pshh

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Keep goin' through your phone
Keep stackin' up your dough (woo, woo)
Keep ballin', let the money grow
Kush smell like venom
Keep a eye on the snakes, though
Keep a watch full of icicles
'Bout the hoes, we don't like niggas
All the shit that I been through, I can't even explain
Smokin' Ls to the brain
Gang, gang, gang, gang
On the plane with my bad bitch
Come to flavors, I got variants
Too much luggage, I can't carry it
Lot of money, I might marry it
We ain't stayin' at the Marriott
Presidential, that's my residential
Need someone to clean her panties up
Smokin' weed soon as your man get up
She with me 'cause she a fan of us
Young Khalifa on the cannabis
And no, I can't say that I blame her (uh)
I'm puttin' KK in the paper (yeah)
I'm coppin' a crib with no neighbors (ooh)
I'm takin' them pics with my haters (wow)
Don't need you to do me no favors
I be on point like a laser (ooh)
Don't think I'm sweet 'cause I'm famous (no)
My niggas cockin' and aimin' (damn, wow, bang, brow)

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